Vol. II. Numb. 12.

The EXAMINER.

From Thursday *February* 14, to Thursday *February* 21. 1711.

I Have laboured for ſome time paſt under an Indiſpoſition of Mind and Body, attended with the uſual Circumſtances of loſs of Appetite and Reſt; my Phyſician hath over-rul'd my natural Antipathy to *Opiates*, and laſt night perſuaded me to take what he call'd a *Quieting Draught*; which ſoon took place, and began to give me a ſort of Pleaſure I had never been acquainted with, that of knowing I ſlept, and yet ſeeing *Elizian* Fields and delightful Images dance before me: As the Medicine gathered force, my Ideas became ſtronger and more regular: The Objects which Sleep repreſented to me, made ſo deep an impreſſion upon my Memory, that I take leave to entertain the Reader with as many Particulars, as had any Coherence with one another.

I was carried away with rapidity to a vaſt and magnificent *Circus* or *Amphitheatre*, ſuch a one as I have often repreſented to my ſelf were thoſe of the *Romans*, ſo ſplended and capacious, many thouſands of Perſons, rich, as well as gaily-habited, were ſeated in decent Order. *Patricians* and *Senators* in proper Gowns were placed as Guards or Aſſiſtants to the Throne, which was raiſed at the upper end under a Canopy, where ſate a LADY in Imperial Robes, of a graceful Preſence and Majeſtick Mien, her Head adorned with a Crown of Gold, ſtudded with Jewels; of the Diamonds ſet before, were theſe Letters compoſed diſtinctly, *Mater Patriæ Auguſta*.

On the right Side of the Throne ſtood a Perſon clad in Robes of State, bearing the Enſigns of Authority in his Hand, who ſeem'd earneſt in Diſcourſe with *Auguſta*; in his Countenance appeared the traces of uncommon Wiſdom, Lines which gave the promiſe of an excellent Mind, ſuited to the high ſtation to which he was call'd. On the left Hand attended a Lady, paſt the Flower of Youth, yet ſomewhat graceful in decay; in her Face lurked Ambiguity and Intrigue; her Eyes were quick and penetrating, ſhe watched with aſſiduity every Motion and Word that paſſed between *Auguſta* and the Favourite Stateſman; ſhe hearkned, ſhe even rudely leaned her Ear, not minding the Aſſembly, ſo ſhe could but inform her Curioſity, one might ſee ſhe was often ſtung with what ſhe heard, becauſe fluſhes of Indignation appear'd on her Viſage, which deformed her Face, and made her Aſpect uncomly.

There advanced from the other ſide the *Circus* an aſtoniſhing Form; the Shape and Features were partly Human, but ſo altered by Art, that they appeared much taller and larger than the Life; they had ſuffered ſuch a Tranſmuation that the Subſtance was entirely changed into ſolid Gold: This Object had two *Supporters* that directed all his Motions; and were now carrying him, without either Awe or Reverence, but by huge Strides, and many Indecencies, towards the Throne: *Auguſta* ſeeing him ſo near her, could not help ſhowing a ſort of ſhuddering and Terror; till reaſſured by the Perſon ſhe had been in Conference with; who taking an Air of ſuperior Courage and Wiſdom, directed the *Man of Gold* to move to a Stand not many Paces diſtant, which had been erected for him: Thither his two Conductors drew him with an apparent unwillingneſs, becauſe they had deſign'd to ſeat him in *Auguſta*'s Place. The greateſt part of the Aſſembly, as well as my ſelf, were moved to Anger, to behold an Object of that Magnitude and Splendor, governed by two who appeared ſo contemptible; one was almoſt pined with Penury and Want, his Habit ſordid and degenerating into Rags; his Hair and Beard not only neglected, but loathſom; himſelf crouching under the Burthen of a huge Maſs of Treaſure, which he eagerly graſped, but could not find in his Heart to make uſe of, though to ſupply the Cravings of Nature, and pacifie his own Hunger. The other was an *Hagg*, of an Aſpect wonderfully deformed, which notwithſtanding ſhe could ſhift as ſhe ſaw occaſion, till ſhe became Miſtreſs of her Deſires; all good Perſons deteſted her Sight, and fled with Horror from thoſe Arts of which ſhe had made uſe during her Diſguiſe: She was cloathed in a Garment ſtudded with *Hieroglyphicks* of *Ingratitude*. One might perceive a ſtrict Correſpondence between the *Man of Gold*, and the Lady who attended next the Throne, with Looks and Signs intelligible to one another: She gave him notice of the Conference that had paſs'd between the Favourite-Stateſman and *Auguſta*.

Soon after we heard the Noiſe of a Celeſtial Trumpet; every Breaſt ſeemed enlivened at the Sound, when *Fame* appeared deſcending towards the Earth, followed by the two beautiful Goddeſſes, *Peace* and *Plenty*: They bore between them a Wreath of Olives: Alighting before the Throne, they preſented *Auguſta* with that Emblem of *Peace*, which ſhe ſeemed graciouſly to regard: Addreſſing her ſelf to the *Senators*, ſhe informed them, in Words full of ſweetneſs, That being reſolved to contri-

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bute all things that was in her Power towards the Eaſe and Happineſs of her People, ſhe deſigned to beſtow upon them, the invaluable Bleſſings of a good and laſting *Peace*. Scarce had ſhe delivered her Sentiments, but the Hagg *Ingratitude* lifted up the right Arm of the *Man of Gold*; upon which Motion, that vaſt Concourſe inſtantly divided; many of the *Patrician* Rank went over to his ſide, with Aſſurances they would ſtand or fall by him.

Whereupon ſtept forth from beſide the Throne a Perſon in full bloom, of graceful Faſhion, adorned with all that amiableneſs which is neceſſary to ingage our Inclination and Attention, in favour of what a Perſon is to ſay, before he ſpeaks. The two Spectres hiſs'd as he began; the *Man of Gold* knit his Brow, and ſhook his Head: Thoſe of his Party watched the Symptoms of his diſpleaſure, and in conſort murmured their diſſatisfaction; which were however loſt in the repeated Cries of the Aſſembly, who call'd out, *Hear Him! Hear Him! Hear Him!* The *Faction* were Silenced, and a general Attention enſued, whilſt he delivered himſelf with ſuch force of Argument and Nervous Eloquence, that the Oratory of *Tully* and *Demoſthenes* could not be more ſweet and powerful: There one might have heard the Judgment and Correctneſs of Age, mingled with the force and fire of Youth: None had ever touch'd my Ear, when awake, with equal Senſe and Harmony. His Diſcourſe fully explain'd the Injuries the Empire had ſuffered, not only by Foreigners, but even her own Sons, by whoſe Practices *War* had raged among them, almoſt to their utter Deſolation, having been bought and ſold at the Pleaſure, and for the Intereſt, only of a *Faction*. His Arguments were ſo weighty, and carried ſuch undeniable Conviction, that ſome of his moſt inveterate Oppoſers, acknowledging his Superiority of Truth and Eloquence, became Converts to both: Which ſo enraged the *Man of Gold*, that by the help of his two never failing Aſſiſtants, he clapp'd to his Mouth a Speaking Trumpet: Inſtantly, as if all the Elements had heard, and muſt obey his Voice, the Winds began to roar, the Earth to ſhake, the Sky grew dark, and that vaſt *Area* was fill'd by Floods of Water, that came breaking in upon the Aſſembly; the Surface was covered with ſwarms of loathſom *Frogs*, who with their *Croakings* deafned the Ears of the Mutitude; whilſt a flight of *Vultures* and *Ravens*, headed by an *Eagle*, bore down towards the beautiful trembling Goddeſs of *Peace*, and with his Beak and Pounces tore from her Hands the Wreath of Olives which had appeared ſo deſirable to many. The *Frogs* eagerly devoured the Leaves, as the *Eagle* ſcattered them among them: Loud Peals of Thunder were immediately heard, the Earthquake redoubled, the Darkneſs increaſed, the *Vultures* and *Ravens* ſcreamed, they clap'd their direful Wings, the *Frogs* inceſſantly croaked, new Terror fell upon me, till after ſome time the Light began feebly to return. I looked to ſee how *Auguſta* had endured the Storm; but alas! there was no Sign of her, or any of her Court, remaining. The *Man of Gold*, with his two deteſtable Supporters, were ſeated in her Place; at which all good Men wrung their Hands and wept, the Earth groaned, and thouſand thouſands of miſerable Souls were given up to Deſtruction! The dreadful God of War waved his bloody Banner, and brought Deſolation upon the World! Thoſe whom the Sword had ſpared were afflicted with *Rapine* and *Penury*; the *Man of Gold* beheld, without Remorſe, the Miſeries of Mankind, having married himſelf to an Illegitimate Woman, the Baſtard-Daughter of *Ambition*, begotten by *Avarice*, who in conjunction with her ſordid Father (for ſhe did not inherit the Heroick Vices of her Mother) continually urged her Conſort to commit great and unheard-of Oppreſſions; till ſuch time as *Poverty*, a dreadful Spectre, took up his conſtant Reſidence among them; then was the Meaſure of Woe accompliſh'd: The ſuffering Empire groan'd under their Calamities, to which they could preſcribe no Remedy. Scarce was my Soul brought to compaſſionate them, remembering their former Obſtinacy, their Ruin came from themſelves; they had deſpiſed the ineſtimable Bleſſing of *Peace*, when it was offered them by the Voice of a gracious *Empreſs*: They might have been a *Rich*, a *Peaceful*, and a *Happy* People, which glorious State they voluntarily exchanged for *Poverty*, *War*, and *Deſolation*.

We ſhall defer the remaining part to another time.

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